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THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION

MAGAZINE.

No. CLIII. SEPTEMBER, 1861. Vol. XIII.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg with thanks to acknowledge the receipt of a parcel of shirts, &c., from Mrs. Reade, a suit of Boys' clothes for "Wentworth Street" Ragged School from Mrs. Pendrill, a parcel of clothing from Mrs. Morgan for "Lamb and Flag" Ragged Schools, and a parcel of linen, &c., from the Highgate Ladies' Maternity Society for the "Lamb and Flag Maternity Society."

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FUNDS NEEDED.

The Committee regret to be obliged to announce that during the past half-year the income of this Institution has not been adequate to the expenditure, notwithstanding the greatest economy has been exercised, and unless the Committee receive prompt and liberal aid they will be compelled to limit their operations very much during the coming autumn, which alternative it is hoped will be averted, for it is more important than ever to keep the Homes in full operation, now that there are so many Missionaries, both male and female, successfully at work seeking out the lost. The Committee earnestly appeal to every reader of this Magazine who has not hitherto assisted in this work to render help, by donations or subscriptions.

The Committee gratefully acknowledge the following contributions in aid of the objects of this Institution:—

Miss Morley, £1; C. E. Webb, Esq., £5; A Friend, £2 2s.; Mrs. C. H., 5s.; Lady E. Tollemache, £1 an.; Mrs. Bond, £1 1s.; C. E. W., £5; Rev. T. Woodruff, £2; A. B., £1.

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SMITH'S PLACE (SOMERS TOWN) RAGGED SCHOOL.

The Committee have the pleasure of announcing that they have been enabled to purchase the premises mentioned in previous notices. They are situate in Brill Place, sufficiently near the present School, and well adapted for the various operations of a Ragged School, comprising accommodation for 300 Children and for separate classes, Mothers' and other Meetings, Lectures, &c. The Committee now earnestly request the kind aid of the friends of Ragged Schools in providing the amount necessary to pay for the repairs and alterations required.

Contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. Mirams, 35, Stanmore Street, Caledonian Road, N.; by Mr. Lyne, at the School, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, from Eight till Nine; or at the Ragged School Union.

SMITH'S PLACE (SOMERS TOWN) RAGGED SCHOOL.

Contributions of Toys, Trinkets, and other articles, useful or ornamental, made or unmade, are earnestly solicited for the Bazaar, to be held in the first week in November, 1861, in aid the Fund required for the extended operations intended to be commenced in the New School-rooms. Donations received as above.

Papers, Original and Selected.

PROMOTED FROM THE RANKS.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE once said, "*I* am an ancestor;" and as founder of a great family, it was no empty boast. So, indeed, in a lower sense, may all say, who, amid difficulty and danger, are indomitably fighting the great battle of life. Such, for example, were the 170 men who, during the Crimean War, received officers' commissions on the battle-field, as the reward of character and bravery. And such in a more private, we cannot truly say lower, sphere are many of our once forlorn ragged scholars, who, basing industry on principle, and displaying indomitable moral courage in contending with the social evils whereby they are environed, have already won some of the prizes of this life, and thus have been as truly promoted from the ranks as if they wore an officer's uniform.

A ragged boy once told us that he "had never had a chance in his life:" so, like a wise boy, he came to a Ragged School to see if he could find one; nor was he disappointed. For lads like this one the Ragged School was devised. It is a gross mistake to suppose that it is any friend to idleness, physical or mental. Discouraging laziness in all shapes—nay, believing that it is a violation of God's eternal law—it tenders steady help only to those who, by good conduct and diligence, prove that they are really anxious to help themselves. Nor have our scholars been backward in responding to these views of the promoters of Ragged Schools; hence many once poor, forlorn outcasts are now brave soldiers and sailors, and as such have been decorated by their country for their valour. One such, a noble youth, with eagle eye and expansive brow, recently came to a Ragged School with four medals on his breast, the reward of his brave deeds in the Black Sea; and oh! the gratitude which sparkled in his eye, when he said to his teacher, "I owe all this, sir, to you." Many, too, are thriving farmers in Australia and Canada, who got their first "chance" in Ragged Schools, and so were promoted from the ranks.

Such, too, are the thousands of servants, who, labouring in England, can have their histories and characters tested by the doubter, who

were once regarded as "the off-scouring of all things." To God be all the praise for this rich fruit of Ragged School work—for of all heroism, we deem moral heroism the best. At an Old Scholars' Meeting of the Ragged School, in Exeter Buildings, Chelsea, many gave simple autobiographical sketches, which were replete with interest. For example, one said that when he first entered the school he was truly a ragged boy; if he had shoes, they had no "bottoms" to them; now, he was truly thankful to say, he had good clothes, and could afford them; and what was more, he had learnt there to make and mend them. He had continued with his present master eleven years. Another said, on his first starting in life, a halfpenny was missing in the house where he lived; he was accused by his master of having taken it, and dismissed. He went in great distress to his former teacher, who told him never to let being unjustly accused make him unhappy—to keep clear of sin, and all would be right in the end. He then obtained the situation of servant-boy in a cheap educational establishment near London, where he suffered great hardships. He returned to London, and obtained the situation he then held with his present master, where he had been nine years, and was prosperous and happy.

All who are acquainted with the habits of ragged scholars know that they are not at all backward in devising ways of helping themselves; some, indeed, as grotesque as their personal aspect. Hence it is that we detect so many familiar faces among the lads who at London Bridge sell the omnibus-conductors elevenpence-half-penny worth of coppers for a silver shilling. One quaint illustration may be given:—A boy paid into a Penny Bank 6*d.*; and as the amount was large for such a boy, he was asked how he had contrived to save it. He replied, that he watched the stall of a man who sells oysters in the Whitechapel road during the evening; and for collecting the oyster-shells he was paid one penny per night, all of which was brought to the Bank. Another boy—one of the most ragged and destitute in a Ragged School—brought a few pence, which he had earned with equal ingenuity, by rising early and collecting all the bones he could find in the streets; and the amount they sold for was placed to his account.

Bad as are too many of their parents, still it may be affirmed of them, as of all classes, that there *is* wheat among the tares. Hence we are glad to find that very many of our scholars, in obedience to the apostolic dictum, "show piety at home," help their parents, and so give them too a chance of rising from the ranks. We *know* how

happy many a ragged boy has been when he took home his first small earnings, either as a shoe-black or errand-boy. One poor boy, for instance, took home his first earnings in the shape of a quartern loaf. O what a "hurrah" came from his widowed mother and famishing sisters, when the crisp, brown loaf was slyly placed on the deal table! Others, by their earnings, have paid the rent of their parents, just as the broker had entered to seize the scanty furniture. The following incident refers to a provincial Ragged School. God—for we would never go to a lower source for the origin of Ragged Schools—put it into the heart of a Hertfordshire minister to establish a Ragged Sunday Night School, and to his great delight, after six weeks' labour, he had 120 ragged boys and girls under instruction, and 60 teachers. He was particularly struck by one little boy, in a tattered dress, on account of the peculiar character of the rags in which he was clad. The teachers provided the boy with a suit of corduroy clothes; and on the following Sunday he made his appearance, not at the Ragged, but the regular Sunday School. He placed himself near the door, that the eye of the minister might catch him, and was accepted as a regular scholar. He proved to be the son of a poor blind widow, who lived in a cellar in one of the most degraded streets of the town. A situation as errand lad was obtained for him, and at first he received 1*s.* 6*d.* per week, and then 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* per week. When he received 4*s.* 6*d.* for the first time, he told his mother it seemed to be time to get up out of the cellar, and his mother agreeing, they hired the floor above. The minister, on visiting her, was pleased to hear her say that something strange had happened to her, and that the first time for years she had been able to see the windows. A surgeon was consulted, and gave it as his opinion that the woman had been suffering from chronic inflammation of the eye, caused by the dampness and bad air of the cellar in which she lived. Subsequently her sight was completely restored, and now she can work for her living.

Such was the earthly promotion of this poor fatherless lad, and such the rescue from want and misery of his purblind mother, as the fruit of his industry and prudence. Should not, then, those whom God in his bounty has placed in higher positions help by their prayers and by their purse this best of works? Of some spiritual works, to say the least, the results are doubtful; but the *law* of Ragged School work from the first seems to have been "according to your faith, be it unto you." Hence, even when souls have

not been converted, myriads have been won from crime or despair, and become good citizens; and so society, in emptied jails, has reaped the fruit of Ragged Schools. But referring to the higher result, we know very many ragged scholars who, through God's good Spirit, have been so promoted in this world as to add to its sunshine. Such are many of the 1,215 boys and girls who, on the 19th of March last received the prize of the Ragged School Union. Long may they wear this "Victoria Cross"—that badge of moral heroism which tells that they are steadily, and we trust, in God's fear, fighting the difficult battle of life.

But better far than this, not a few of our scholars have received that spiritual promotion whereby they are constituted "sons of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." But not content with enjoying spiritual privileges alone, they have, by holy words and holier living, flooded the dark dens where they dwell with Gospel light. Thus have they become the potent evangelists of parents and others tenanting the dark byeways of London, who are buried in vice and woe; who, perchance, but for their earnest teachings, and their still more earnest doings, would never have felt that there is a heaven to be lost or won. Such were two of the scholars belonging to the Ragged School in Robert Street, New Cut. For example: a little girl, ten years of age, observing her mother going to bed without praying, thus spake to her:—"Mother, you have not said your prayers." The mother replied that she was tired, and it was a cold night. The child said, "I'll pray for you, mother," and kneeling down by the side of her little bed, poured out a simple and earnest prayer. Another little girl, whose father was an habitual swearer, was heard to say to him. "Father, father, wicked words, father." "Only one," answered the astonished father. The child proceeded to explain, as well as she was able, that God was angry with those who take his name in vain. She says, "I'll always tell father when he swears, teacher." Thus, as in old Hebrew times, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" God still perfects His praise.

But a still greater promotion from the ranks is that of the 144 ragged scholars who are now active Ragged School teachers. Knowing the history of many, the depths of misery from which they were raised, and the strange adventures through which some passed before they were rescued from the thraldom of Satan, we cannot help feeling that there is no moral lever like that of Christ's Gospel. Most of

these teachers, we are glad to intimate, display special aptitude for their work. Nor is this strange; for, from past experience, they know the ruling virtues, as well as the ruling vices, of the ragged class, whilst a sense of gratitude to Him who rescued them from vice or poverty gives a motive for work with which nothing can compare. As of old, they "love much, because forgiven much;" and work all the harder because they know the full power of Christ's Gospel.

Not a few, too, of our ragged ones have, through grace, become tenants of the place beautifully designated by Bunyan the "City of the Shining ones," and thus have been eternally promoted from the ranks. Three of these attended the Ragged School in New Pye-street, Westminster,—a district so rife in crime as to bear the terrible appellation of "the Devil's Acre." But, as if to show that nought can stand against the power of the Holy Spirit, many are the trophies won by the cross there; some of these are living monuments of God's exceeding grace, others have gone home. Three cases may be mentioned. A little girl, who received her education, from three years old to five, in this school, suffered from spinal disease, caused by a fall down stairs. Her pain was so great that for some months she could not bear to be spoken to. It was, however, a pleasure to her to hear texts and hymns, though she could not, from the state of her nervous system, listen long to reading. During the last week of her life she was relieved from this extreme pain, and enjoyed talking to her family of Jesus, and repeating her favourite hymns, giving full proof before her death that her heart was given to God. A little boy, too, who was cut off after a few days' illness, attracted the attention of his parents by his earnest questions on the work and love of Jesus. A poor cripple, who was a short time ago called home, showed how his heart was prepared by the grace of God, by the delight with which he continually repeated his favourite hymn—

"Oh! what has Jesus done for me?
He died for me—my Saviour."

From the glimpses thus given it will be seen that the promotion achieved by ragged scholars hath a two-fold aspect, for it lays fast hold of two worlds—namely, that on which change is written as an indelible law, and that which is as eternal as the Godhead. By rendering the depraved or the forlorn, the pitiable orphan or the vice-stained outcast fit for the next life, it makes them all the fitter

for the life that now is. Nor do we hesitate to affirm, from incidents which continually ooze out during occasional visits to the dens of London, that he who would steadily and conscientiously perform his duty to man, must first learn his duty to his Maker. Hence it is that, through the operation of Ragged Schools, and similar agency, juvenile crime, which formerly steadily increased year by year, has lessened from 13,981 to 8,913 during the past five years, being a decrease of 36 per cent.

But, after all, that every ragged scholar may be eternally promoted, is the primary object of Ragged School teachers, as it is their daily prayer: and "may the Lord God say so too" (1 Kings i. 36). For glad as we are to aid in their earthly promotion, this is not our primary motive for undertaking the onerous work of their civilisation; and had it been, we doubt whether the Most High would have honoured Ragged Schools as he has done during the past eighteen years. No; unless our scholars receive that higher promotion, by which they are constituted members of God's family, we consider that they will only be eternal monuments of failure. Fail some may, and doubtless will, as concerns this world, for experience still attests the truth of the Divine axiom, that "time and chance happeneth to all." Yet, if by-and-by they join in the song of the redeemed, then they will have succeeded for eternity—the only success for which the poorest or the richest need care. Few would have envied the poor ulcerated mendicant Lazarus as he lay, hunger-bitten, at the door of Dives, for failure, as respects this world, was engraven on every feature. Yet it was he, and not theman who fed on the world's applause, who ultimately heard the Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and thus was eternally promoted from the ranks. It is for such promotion that we labour andpray; for we know that when earthly crowns crumble into dust, the feeblest and meanest of our flock may become kings in the eternal city.

THE DUTCH RAGGED SCHOOL IN UTRECHT.

A CORRESPONDENT in Holland has sent us a Dutch letter, giving a short account of the Ragged School in Utrecht, which has been translated by a Dutch friend into English, nearly as follows:—

"The Ragged School in Utrecht had its origin in efforts to send the Gospel among the people resident in the back streets. The work began by a lady, in 1836, doing what she could to benefit a wretched locality near her own residence. A humble room—a garret—was taken, and at first the children

were invited to attend once a week, and when good results were seen to follow, they were told they could attend every day, friends coming forward to help the one who commenced the effort. The children invited were those who were found wandering about the streets, and whose education had evidently been neglected.

"In 1849 attention was called to the Ragged Schools in England, by a little tract, '*Les écoles déguenilles en Angleterre*,' and the result was, a committee was formed, and a large room was rented for the school in Utrecht. From that time the school was called the '*Haveloosen* (Ragged) *School*.' This tract created the idea of extending schools of this kind, for which purpose a weekly paper, named *The Echo*, was started to advocate the schools and to raise funds for their support, which hope was in part realised, but the existence of *The Echo* was short, as, after continental fashion, the editors could not remain *incog.* and the paper continue, and as the editors declined personal publicity, *The Echo* became defunct. The discontinuance of this paper has cramped the effort, for it was the means of bringing in donations from different parts of the country, which ceased from the time it was given up. It is now a hard struggle to get pecuniary means. Nevertheless, the school effort has been supported, and even enlarged, by renting two large rooms, notwithstanding the difficulty to raise funds.

"The Haveloosen School is conducted after the model of those in London. The Earl of Shaftesbury and his society very kindly gave information from time to time. His lordship also gave a donation. Help has also been received from France and Switzerland. One of the school-rooms was situated in the old ramparts of the town, which was appropriated for a school of industry, where the boys made mats, the profits of which aided the support of the school; but as this school was not sufficiently appreciated, it has been discontinued. The other school, situated in Jerusalem Place, is larger. Here the boys are taught tailoring, the girls sewing, knitting, &c. The children, however, being young, and very ignorant, it was considered better to give more attention to their mental and religious training than to their industrial. The great object of the school is the religious teaching. The day school is attended by those that go to no other school, but the evening school is thrown more open, and children who go to the day school may attend, and are encouraged to do so, because in the Government and Roman Catholic schools the Bible is not read. The school is always opened and closed with prayer and reading the Scriptures. Many Roman Catholic and Jewish children attend. The attendance is irregular, to check which a friend visits the homes, and uses what influence is suitable with the parents. Soup in winter is given to the most needy, which has a tendency to make the attendance more regular than in summer.

"Two years since, the accommodation not being sufficient, a large building was purchased, partly by donations and partly by shares. In the new building the attendance has considerably increased. 100 attend the day school, 50 the evening school, besides 130 in the infant school. Arrangements have been made with a nurse in the city hospital to attend the school daily, for the express purpose of cultivating personal cleanliness among the children. A loan library of good, useful, and religious books, has been formed, and the poor generally have the privilege of borrowing the books gratuitously."

FICTITIOUS SAVINGS-BANK BILL:

"ITS FUNERAL ORATION."

THE opinion given by the Home Secretary on the effects of this bill, if passed nto a law, was, that it would in no way interfere with the Penny Savings-banks as carried on in Ragged Schools, provided the word "*Savings*" were not used. The doubt, however, was strong in the minds of some, that the law as it would really be carried out, if the bill passed, would not coincide with the Home Secretary's opinions; that, in fact, Savings-banks of all kinds, excepting those conducted under Acts of Parliament, or under the control of Government, must cease to exist, or their managers be subject to the threatened pains and penalties embodied in the Fictitious Savings-bank Bill.

On Wednesday, July 11, Sir F. Baring made an effort for the house to resolve itself into a committee on this bill, with a view to its being passed during the late session. He showed good reason for legislation on the subject, but not for the sweeping measure introduced. He said—

"The beneficial operations of Savings-banks, under proper management, did not admit of dispute, but great hardships had been entailed on poor and unsuspecting persons who, having intrusted their money to so-called 'Savings-banks' under the impression that these were *bonâ fide* concerns, discovered too late that they had been deceived by the assumed name, and had placed confidence in improper quarters. It had been proved before the committee which investigated this subject, that the monetary crisis in Glasgow was aggravated by the suspension of sixteen of these self-styled 'Savings-banks,' the law at present allowing any persons who thought proper to do so to associate with a common object under that title. In Southampton there were three establishments of this class, one of which was next door to the real Savings-bank, and instances were adduced in which it had been mistaken for the bank under Government control."

"To put an end to these evils was," said Sir F. Baring, "the object of this bill," and to which Mr. W. E. Foster replied—

"But the bill would likewise affect a number of institutions which were not merely harmless but positively beneficial; he referred to the 'Penny Savings-banks' which had been established, under somewhat different regulations, with the greatest advantage to the working classes. All banks started, not with the object of making profits, but on philanthropic grounds, and to which the distinctive name of 'Savings-banks' peculiarly applied, would be effected by this enactment. He was of opinion that this bill would interfere with a number of banks which were doing a great deal of good; that it was uncalled for at this time, and that it would strengthen a false impression throughout the country, and thereby prevent that careful inspection and management of Savings-banks which would take place if it were not generally believed that there was a special guarantee of the Government for the money deposited in those establishments. He therefore moved, as an amendment, that the bill be committed that day three months."

Mr. Baines wanted to insert words which would limit the operation of the measure to banks other than Government, established "for the purpose of profit to the managers or shareholders," and said—

"If the bill passed in its present shape, it would strike at hundreds and thousands of the Penny Savings-banks which were beginning to be connected with almost every

mechanics' institution and every school. The word 'savings' was the charm of these institutions; and if they took it away, they would do a great deal of mischief."

As Sir F. Baring declined to receive the suggestion, Mr. Baines seconded the amendment.

Mr. Henley agreed with Mr. Baines, and said—

"That the measure as now framed would injuriously affect an infinite number of Penny Savings-banks in connexion with schools. The clergyman of a parish, a schoolmistress, or some other person, said to the children, 'Put in a penny a week and I will add so much, and at Christmas or Michaelmas the money will be distributed in a particular manner.' Now, were they to declare the person who did that to be guilty of a misdemeanour? That was the real question. The right hon. baronet said, 'Why do you not change the name?' He had cast a good deal about for words, but he could not find a word that would express what 'savings' did as well as that term itself. Every child understood it. He was very reluctant to vote against the bill, but if the right hon. baronet did not modify it he should feel bound to do so."

It had been considered that this bill was a Government measure, introduced into and passed by the House of Lords, and brought to the House of Commons as early as the 22nd of February last, but now, instead of receiving, as was expected, the support of the Home Secretary, Sir G. C. Lewis said—

"It appeared to him, that it would be going very far in the direction of penal legislation to give the Government a sort of monopoly in the title 'Savings-bank,' and make it a misdemeanour, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any one else to establish a Savings-bank and call it by that name. If it could be shown that there was a fraudulent intent—that the object of the party was to create a misunderstanding, and to produce an impression that a bank was a Government Savings-bank when it was not, the case would be different. Some qualification of that sort might remove the objection which now existed to the bill."

This short, but under the circumstances, most remarkable speech had a decisive effect, for Sir F. Baring no sooner heard it than he was upon his legs, declaring—

"He had had the honour of communicating on the subject with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he understood that right hon. gentleman to wish him to go on with the bill. The fact was, he must have been labouring under a strong delusion in supposing that he was proceeding in concert with her Majesty's Government. (Laughter.) After the right hon. gentleman the Home Secretary declaring against the bill, it was hopeless for him to go on with it; but he wished that the Government knew their own minds a little better, and that members should not be told by one Minister that what he was doing was sanctioned by them, and then, when he came down to the House, find himself thrown over by another. (Laughter, and "Hear.") In pronouncing the funeral oration of the bill ("Hear," and laughter), he wished to observe that he was as unwilling as any human being could be to interfere with the privileges of those benevolent institutions which had been referred to in the course of the debate; but he could find no words which would really draw a distinction between what he wanted to stop and what he would allow to go on. He admitted that that was an argument against the bill itself. He had received communications with respect to what were called Penny Banks, but these would not have been affected at all by the bill. The right hon. gentleman concluded by withdrawing his motion."

And accordingly it was withdrawn, as well as the amendment.

THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL.

(*Concluded from page* 196.)

THE week passed on. Friday night came, and Willie, instead of being the worst, had been the best boy in the school. He was a bright little fellow, and now that his mind and heart were engaged, he bade fair to outstrip all his mates. Miss Merton shared her dinner with him every day, removing thus one cause of the boy's restlessness and disobedience, for every one knows a full stomach—not an overloaded, but a comfortably full stomach—disposes one to be more genial and orderly than an empty one can possibly do. Indeed, we have often thought that if the city missionaries would carry a good dinner first to the poor sinners, and afterwards a tract, the chances of converting them would be much greater.

They walked home together Friday evening, the school-ma'am and the little ragged, bare-footed, almost hatless pupil. She made the way pleasant to him, talking to him of the beautiful world they lived in, and pointing out the various interesting things that were all about them: the old gray mountains in the distance, with the purple shadows of evening creeping over them; the green fields beside them, with the white lambkins sporting over them; the dim forest, with its cathedral aisles, stretching far into the distance; the blooming orchards, with their snowy promises; the little brooklet, with its singing waves; the brown and golden birds filling the scented air with their clear notes; and lastly, the scarlet west, with the amber curtains of sunshine playing over it in gorgeous tides. And when she knew his heart was interested and full of unutterable feeling, she said quietly,

"What a good God, to place us in a world so fair. Would you like to know something more about him, Willie? Would you not like to study that holy book of his, which he has given mankind to show them the way to heaven?"

"O yes, ma'am," and the boy spoke devoutly.

"I thought you would, and so I asked you. I am going to have a class in the Sunday-school, and shall open it next Sunday. You will come, Willie, and be one of my scholars?"

"I'd like to, ma'am;" and then he glanced at his bare feet and his ragged clothes, and sighed as he added, "but I don't see how I can. These are all the clothes I have to wear."

"I've thought of that, Willie, and if you will come to-morrow morning to the Deacon's, and let me have your jacket awhile, I'll mend it up for you, and here's a quarter I'll give you to go to the store and buy a new hat. You can get a good straw one for that, can't you?"

"O yes. Dear me, how good you are to me. I don't see what makes you so. Everybody else frets and scolds at me, and says I'll go to the penitentiary yet, I'm so bad."

"I love you, Willie, and that is why I treat you as I do. An orphan myself, I can feel for your lonely life. Heaven only knows what I might have been, had not good friends cared for me when my father and mother died and left me alone in the wide world. Willie, I have great hopes of you. You learn quick, remember well, and see into things easily. You are capable

of making yourself a good name in the world. You will do it too, I know you will. Don't you believe it?" and she looked hopefully into his eyes.

"I want to; O, if I only could!. I'll study hard every day, and I'll go to Sunday-school every Sunday. And if I do grow up good, I'll lay it all to you, for no one else ever cared for me. They even grudge me my victuals. O, but I've seen hard times," and tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Don't think of them, Willie. Look forward. There is a sunny future in store for you. Good night. Don't forget to bring the jacket."

* * * "What under the sun have you got in your hands, Miss Merton?" said Mrs. Gray, the next morning, as the teacher entered the kitchen.

"Why, it's Willie's jacket. I've promised to mend it for him, so that he can go to Sunday-school to-morrow, and I've come to beg some patches."

"But you can never mend that ragged thing."

"Oh, yes, I can. Where can I find some patches?"

"Why there's lots of them in the loft over the woodshed. I store them up there for carpet rags all through the winter, and in the spring take them down and wash them up and sort them over; but dear me, you never can do anything with that old thing."

"You'll see," was the cheerful response, and the mistress mounted up the ladder to the loft, and selected some suitable patches. Sitting down by the window, she ripped up both sleeves above the elbow, cut off the rags and pieced them down, sewed up the seams again, and put in fresh lining, and made new cuffs. Then she cut off the torn button-holes, pieced out the sides and made new ones, and darned here and there till there was not a single hole.

"Has the school-mistress turned tailoress?" said the Deacon, as he came into dinner; "what wages do you make?"

"O, good ones, I tell you. Ain't I a good hand at patching?" and she held up the neatly mended jacket. And then, before she could speak further Mrs. Gray told the Deacon whose it was and how it looked when she brought it in.

"You must have some hopes of the boy, Miss Merton, or you would not take so much pains with him."

"I have great hopes of him, Deacon Gray." And she detailed the experience of the week.

"Ah, but one swallow don't make a summer."

"I know it, Deacon, but then one swallow is a harbinger of summer. It gives us hope of seed-time and harvest. It tells us there is warm weather somewhere, Deacon. I have studied the boy this week, and I am satisfied that he only needs kind treatment and encouragement to place him far above the average of men. O, if you would only let him come here now. I'll answer for his good conduct."

The Deacon hesitated, but Miss Merton pleaded, and eloquently too, for she felt that a soul's salvation lay in the answer she should receive to her petition.

"You'd make a good preacher, Miss Merton," and he drew his hand over his eyes. "It's hard resisting you. In fact, I guess I'll have to yield. If mother's willing, he may come to-night."

"You'll never repent this good deed, Deacon, never, never. The boy must be good in such a home as this; so neat, quiet, and well arranged. I'll answer for him."

"Where are those trowsers I laid off last week, wife; those grey ones? They are pretty good yet—only thin about the seat, and out at the knees. I guess between you you could get the boy a decent pair out of them."

"O yes, indeed, father, I could cut them over and turn the fronts to the back. Yes, indeed; I'll get at them as soon as I do up the dinner work."

Just at evening Willie came for his jacket, and words cannot express his joy at learning he was henceforth to live under the same roof with his idolised teacher.

"O, I'll be so good," he said. "Do tell me what I could do for you, Mrs. Gray," and without waiting for an answer, he ran out to the shed and brought in the night's wood, and split the kindlings, and drew the water and filled the kettle, fed the pigs, and brought in the eggs.

"Can you milk, Willie? the Deacon generally does, but he's late to-night, and will be tired when he comes in."

"O yes, ma'am, I guess I can," and he soon brought the swimming pails into the dairy.

The snow-white biscuit, the quivering custard pie, the mellow cider apple sauce, the golden butter, and the fragrant tea, were just placed on the neatly laid table when the Deacon's step was heard.

"Waiting?" said he; "well, sit down, I must do my chores first."

"They're all done," said Willie, respectfully. "I did them."

"Ah, you did them, did you? Well, then, we'll have tea."

Mrs. Gray had placed an extra plate by the side of the kind teacher, and now motioned Willie to sit there.

"I can wait, I always do," said he, hanging back.

"Nobody waits at my table when there's room," said the Deacon. "Sit down, boy, and remember that is your place hereafter."

It seemed to Willie that he had suddenly stepped into another world, everybody so kind—everything so free.

* * * Sunday morning came. Willie was up before sunrise, doing the necessary chores, and then Mrs. Gray hung up an old blanket in one corner of the wood shed, and gave him a pail of warm water, some soap, a sponge and towel, and told him to strip himself to the skin, and wash himself thoroughly. And then, just when the boy was holding his dirty, ragged shirt in his hand, and hesitating to put it on, a sweet voice said kindly, "You will find your clothes just outside the blanket, Willie," and then light footsteps ran away.

He peeped out. Sure enough, there was a bran new shirt, the gift of Miss Merton, which she had made during evenings; the Deacon's pants, the mended jacket, a pair of neatly darned socks, some of the Deacon's that had shrunk, and a pair of good stout shoes, the last a present from the Deacon, who had told Miss Merton and his wife, "He wouldn't do things by halves, he'd test the boy thoroughly."

There were many happy little faces in the church that Sabbath morning, but none brighter or more cheerful than William Hendrickson's, and no boy behaved himself better in meeting either, than did he, reading out of the

same book Miss Merton did, kneeling by her side, and reading the beautiful words of the hymns, as her sweet voice joined the chorus of the choir.

Weeks passed on. The summer-time was gone, and with it the good school-mistress.

"I may never see you again, Willie," she said tenderly, as she held his hands at parting, "but I hope always to hear a good report of you. The Deacon has promised to write to me occasionally, and I shall expect to hear from you in every letter. I shall never forget you. I shall remember you in my prayers, night and morning. Willie, you will not disappoint me?"

Through his tears the boy sobbed out, "No, no, no; O, if you could always be with me."

"I leave you with a Friend who never forsakes, Willie; God is with you."

She was gone, and it seemed to the poor boy that the heavens had shut its door on him for ever. But he manfully struggled with himself, and though it was not so easy to be good under the new teacher that came, he *was* good, remembering ever his promise.

I would like to follow his career, step by step, but my story is growing long, and I can only tell you the results of his continued efforts after knowledge and goodness. He became so near and dear to Deacon Gray, that when he was sixteen he adopted him, his only little blue-eyed son having been called to the "other side of the river." He went first to the academy, then to a college, then to a theological school, and then into the *pulpit*.

Yes, even so; he whom the country people all said was bound to go to the penitentiary, now preaches the Gospel of Christ on every Sabbath day. And the dear teacher, now an aged matron, with silvery hair, listens to him and learns of him. The pupil has become the pastor; the worst boy in school is now one of the most eloquent preachers, and what is better far, one of the best of men. Verily, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap."

The above has been extracted from the "Youth's Companion," an American paper.

SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In addition to the persons named in our July number, the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Education of Destitute Children took evidence from Mr. Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen; Mr. C. Ferguson, of Edinburgh; Mr. C. Ware, of London; Mr. Cumin, and Mr. Lingen. The taking of evidence ceased on the 15th July, and on the 18th July two draft reports were presented, written respectively by Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir James Graham. The former had very carefully gone over the evidence, and brought out its salient points in the draft, but had extended the report to four times the length of that of the latter. Both the draft reports acknowledged the existence of the class for which Ragged Schools were formed to benefit, that it is a large class, and that Ragged Schools have been very useful to that class.

We suppose, from this time the city Arabs and the children of neglect will be no more ignored by authority, and the Ragged Schools, the only schools in existence to benefit them, no more be denounced. So far the inquiry has done good, and we have no complaint to make respecting the decisions

arrived at by the Committee. As a matter of course, the Committee recommend that the schools aided or wholly supported by Government, or by rates, should not be superseded by schools, however good in working out valuable results, over which the Government have no control. Criminals for Reformatories; in-door paupers for Workhouse and District Schools; vagrants for Industrial Schools; out-door paupers to be paid for at National and British Schools out of the poors'-rate; and the residue is by the Committee wisely left to the missionary exertions of the Ragged Schools managers, without any interference by the Government. Sir James Graham, in his *draft* report, expressed his fears that Government interference with Ragged Schools would be highly injurious to them; the following are his words:—

"Ragged Schools closely resemble Sunday Schools. They are strongly impressed with a missionary and religious character. Their primary object is to reclaim and civilise a child, and then to place it in some honest calling. To these objects instruction is secondary and subordinate. Yet it is only on instruction that Government inspection can be based. The grants made upon that inspection would tend to divert the school from its main object, and be really a bribe to the founders to forego their benevolent plan in favour of intellectual at the expense of moral and religious culture."

After the two draft reports had been read, the Committee divided as to which of the two should be read a second time, paragraph by paragraph, when it was decided by 8 to 4, that that of Sir J. Graham be read a second time. A few omissions and additions to it were agreed to, and the report was adopted. It was presented to the House of Commons on July 23rd, and ordered to be printed. The following is that report:—

"Your Committee were appointed at an advanced period of the Session; but they have prosecuted the inquiry with diligence, and have examined witnesses most competent to elucidate the entire subject, and sufficient, in the opinion of your Committee, to support the conclusions, which they submit without further delay to the judgment of the House.

"No child should be encouraged to go to a Ragged School, for whose education provision can be made elsewhere.

"For children who have acquired criminal or vagrant habits, provision is made by the Industrial Schools Bill. Until that measure has been tried, no other provision at the expense of the State should be made for this class.

"The children of out-door paupers, destitute orphans, and deserted children, receiving out-door relief, ought to be provided for under Mr. Denison's Act by the Guardians of the Poor; but it appears to be the opinion of those who have paid attention to the subject, that they are not likely to be so generally, unless the Act be so altered as to make it compulsory upon the guardians to enforce the child's being sent to school as a condition of relief. The difficulties which would have to be encountered in the introduction of a system of compulsory education such as this are great. Some questions of detail which are touched upon in the evidence (3984—4004) are worthy of attention with reference to this subject. It has been suggested to your Committee that the Committee of Council on Education might provide for the admission of children of out-door paupers into schools receiving Government aid; but your Committee have received no evidence on the subject of this suggestion, and therefore refrain from expressing an opinion upon it.

"Children receiving in-door relief are provided for in Union District or Work-

house Schools. Provision, however, ought to be made for compelling Boards of Guardians to maintain Workhouse Schools in a more efficient state than they are generally in at present, or else to erect District Schools.

"After all these reductions there still remains a residue to be dealt with, though of its numbers the Committee have no evidence.

"Aid to Ragged Schools and other Institutions where children are fed, or fed and lodged, is really aid in relief of the poor rate, and this is true even when the aid is given as a salary to a master, for such a payment sets at liberty an equal sum to be employed in feeding or lodging.

"The only Ragged Schools, therefore, to which relief can be given, are those which neither feed nor clothe, and the only children requiring their aid are the residue which remain after all the above deductions.

"The evidence of Mr. Rogers shows 'that where strenuous local exertions are made,' the poorest and lowest districts in towns are capable of supporting schools under the Privy Council; and that the poorest parents may be induced to pay small fees towards their children's education.

"Still a residue exists which has not yet been reached by any other machinery than a Ragged School; and the question remains whether Ragged Schools, which have undoubtedly been of considerable benefit, ought to receive further assistance from the State than at present.

"The London Ragged School Union, with Lord Shaftesbury at their head, are opposed to any Government grants being made to Ragged Schools, believing that such grants would interfere with their religious and missionary character, and relax the interest now taken in them. Much difference of opinion, however, prevails upon this subject among the managers of the schools themselves; and the managers of refuges, which are likewise institutions of a religious and missionary character, take a wholly different view of the question.

"The withdrawal of the Government grant to schools capable of being certified under the Industrial Acts, touches Refuges, but not ordinary Ragged Schools. These ordinary Ragged Schools, if they give industrial training, may have certain allowances from the Privy Council for rent and raw materials, and are permitted, even without giving industrial training, to earn any grant from the Council, on compliance with the conditions prescribed to other schools.

"No rules have yet been suggested on which further grants of public money could safely be made; and the present grant for raw materials has been grossly abused, and should be discontinued.

"Ragged Schools closely resemble Sunday Schools. They are strongly impressed with a missionary and religious character. Their primary object is to reclaim and civilise a child, and then to place it in some honest calling. To these objects instruction is secondary and subordinate. Yet Government inspection must be chiefly based on instruction. The grants made upon that inspection would tend to divert the school from its main object.

"Infant Schools, which take the child before it has been contaminated, appear to strike at the root of the evil which Ragged Schools only attack in its more advanced stage. They are comparatively cheap, because they require only female teachers; are very acceptable to parents, whom they relieve of the care of children at a helpless age, and not only keep them from evil, but lay the foundation of order, industry, and attention.

"Your Committee therefore recommend that one or other of the measures to which reference has been made in the third paragraph of this Report be adopted, whereby admission into Government schools might be secured to destitute orphans, deserted children, and the children of out-door paupers; and that whatever chil-

dren are not reached by the Industrial Schools Bill now passing through Parliament, or by the proposed measures, be left to the missionary exertions of the Ragged School managers, without any further interference by the Government than exists at present."

MOTHERS' MEETING IN CAIRO.

BY MISS M. WHATELY.

It is but the day of small things in Cairo, yet we must rejoice to see even the humblest commencement of a Christian work among the poor women so long sunk in darkness and degradation; and a "Mothers' Meeting in Cairo" has a hopeful sound!

Before leaving our school to the care of dear Miss Arnott, it was agreed that a little farewell entertainment should be given to the mothers of some of the scholars, that they might not only be introduced to their new friend, but also have an opportunity of hearing something good. The school-room was decked with tamarisk boughs, which we gathered early in the morning on

the confines of the desert, and a white cloth was spread on the mat in the centre of the floor. No other preparations were needed, as the guests required neither tables nor chairs. We had about fourteen women, including the mothers of the most regular of our "irregular troops," and also one of two near neighbours, who, though not mothers, wished to be admitted. The variety of dress and appearance showed the difference in the condition of the guests, some being quite poor (though none were actually in distress, like so

many of our poor people at home), and others so well off as to be very smartly attired. But in the East there is still very little distinction of ranks, so the diversity caused no trouble, and a very proud Coptic dame, dressed in a jonquil coloured silk *yelek*, or long vest, and covered with gold ornaments, sat down beside our neighbour Hassna, whose occupation is preparing and selling fuel, and who was clad in dark blue cotton, as were indeed the greater number of the women.

My friend Mrs. R. kindly joined our party, and with ourselves took her seat among the rest on the floor, and when all were placed in a circle, the cloth was spread, with dishes of rice and butter, stewed tomatoes, gourds, stuffed with rice and chopped meat, and a quantity of flaps of native bread; a couple of bowls of water being put in the centre: plates, forks, &c., were not in requisition, of course. Our good matron asked a blessing at my request, and every one then began to eat, and the feast was relished quite as much as the tea and cake which are given on such occasions at home. I wondered any one could eat heartily, the day was so very hot, a strong hot wind blowing which was exceedingly oppressive; but the natives did not seem to mind it, though they all said it was "boiling hot." As soon as each had finished, she rose and washed her hands; Fatmeh, who acted as maid on the occasion, being stationed with a vessel of water at the door. Then they broke into little knots of three and four, and some listened to Mrs. R., while others sat by me, and expressed their sorrow at my departure. Some who lived a few streets off, which they called *far*, were in a hurry to return home, and soon came to say farewell, but several remained for an hour at least, and we had an opportunity of a little talk and reading with them. Mrs. R. read a few verses, and talked about them to some who sat near her, and one, a most intelligent Turkish, or rather Circassian woman, whom I had frequently visited, was much interested, and had a good deal of discussion on religious subjects. Our Coptic friend in the yellow dress interrupted this in a very tiresome manner, saying, "She is a Moslem, and knows nothing of all that; do not talk to her," and so on. She was herself ignorant and bigoted as any Moslem, and triumphantly showed me the blue tattoing on her arm, saying, "As for me, *I* am a pilgrim, I have been to Jerusalem!" I assured her that God looked at the heart, and not at the arm; but she was swelling with pride, and could not be brought to take any personal interest in the discussion. We concluded by a prayer, which the matron gave, and at which all present were very attentive. They then bade farewell, as those who had gone before had done, most affectionately, assuring me how sorry they were to part, and embracing us with not a few tears.

At the door stood some of the scholars, who had come uninvited, and could not resist looking in. Among them was a girl to whom I had shown some kindness, and visited when she was ill; she stood sobbing as if her heart would break, and though not a child of many words, her face expressed her honest affection and regret. She is a Copt, the only child of a very ignorant but well-meaning mother. The Turkish lady (for in comparison to the others she might be called so) was the last to leave, and would not go till I had promised a farewell call. She is very affectionate, and appears a most open and honest-minded woman; though a bigoted Moslem when I first knew

her, she is much softened now, and I feel some hope that she may one day come to the truth.

The kindly feeling displayed by the whole circle was a most pleasing sign that it is possible to establish a friendly relation between Christian and Moslem women, in spite of all that was prophesied to the contrary when I first came Bab-el-Bahar. "They are very sorry that you go; they love you," repeated one of our neighbours, as we were setting out for the railway. As to the poor children, they literally went wailing into the street on the last day, and several ran weeping beside the donkeys, on which we rode to the station, as far as the end of the street. May the Lord prosper the work begun here, and grant that some souls may be soon called from this darkened neighbourhood, to walk in the light of the Gospel. We earnestly commend the school in Bab-el-Bahar, the matron, and our agent, Miss Arnott, to the prayers of all who are interested in mission work, and who long to hear the prophecy fulfilled, when God shall say, "Blessed be Egypt, my people," and when "the Egyptian shall know the Lord."—*Female Missionary Intelligencer.*

THE EARL OF DERBY ON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE foundation-stone of the Kirkdale Ragged School was lately laid by the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, on which occasion his lordship delivered a speech of peculiar interest and pathos. It would have given pleasure to have inserted it earlier, but the hope of giving it *in extenso* induced delay. His lordship on that interesting occasion said:—

The close connection which subsists between me and this immediate district, and the deep interest I take in its advancement and its welfare, have appeared to me to be a sufficient justification for my departing upon this occasion from a rule which I have hitherto found it necessary to lay down—to abstain from taking part in any public meetings or attending at any public ceremonies. But it is with the liveliest satisfaction that I have accepted the offer—the request which has been made to me to give my attendance upon this most gratifying occasion, and to address to those who, in spite of the obstacles offered by the unseasonable state of the weather, have attended upon this occasion, a few observations upon the circumstances which have brought us together this day. But before entering upon that important subject, it would be impossible for me to abstain from expressing my deep gratitude for the more than kind and cordial reception which I have met with this day from those to whom I am personally a stranger, but with whom you know I have many interests in common. I believe that in the history of the world no country already possessed of so large a population has increased with the same rapidity as this country has increased in the course of the last half century; and this is the more remarkable because the rapid increase which is going on from day to day, and I may say from hour to hour, is the effect not only of the excess of the births over the deaths within the country, but the excess of the births against the deaths and beyond the deaths of that countless stream of emigration which is constantly being poured forth from our redundant population, to lay the foundation of future empires, and to add to the population and the wealth of our widely-extended colonies and of other and friendly states. Nor is there any more certain test than a rapid increase of

population of the physical well-being of a country; and those who can look back for the same lengthened period that I can, or even those who can look back for a much shorter period of years, must be well aware that, together with this great increase in the number of the population, there has been at least a corresponding increase in the physical comforts of the great body of the people. I do not say—far from it—that among many of the labouring classes there is not much and undeserved suffering; but this I do say, that taking the middle and the lower classes as a whole, it is inconceivable, except to those who have witnessed it, what a change has taken place in their domestic comforts, in their clothing, in their food, in their habits and conveniences of life, within the course of the last five-and-twenty or thirty years. We have in this well-being of our country great cause for congratulation, and great cause for thankfulness to Him who is the giver of all good. But if we turn from the physical well-being of the population to their moral progress and their religious advancement, I doubt whether we have equal cause to congratulate ourselves in that point of view. The truth is—and the truth ought to be spoken—that we are at this moment suffering from the supineness and the apathy of our ancestors. Years ago the vast increase of the population was looked upon, no doubt, with triumph and satisfaction, as adding to the power and the wealth of the country, but looked at without a due appreciation of the great social, moral, and religious consequences which must flow from the increase of an ill-educated and irreligious population. I do not say this has been the case universally; I do not say this has been the case in many of the country districts where a great increase of population has not taken place, and where there is greater room for the exercise of those kindly sympathies between the upper and the lower classes, which are the surest bond of union between the various classes in this country. But it is in the great towns—it is in those great hives of industry in which our redundant population flock for employment, that the influx of population and the increase of buildings, with regard to which you have only to turn your eyes around you, and survey what is going on in this neighbourhood, have extended to limits beyond the present means of religious and moral superintendence and instruction. In these great towns there is little room, comparatively speaking, for the social intercourse between high and low, between rich and poor; and the immense size of the parishes and the townships, and the immense numbers of the population, baffle the efforts of the most zealous minister, whether belonging to the Established Church, or whether belonging to those numerous Dissenting sects, of whom, widely as I differ from them, I wish to speak with all gratitude and respect for their exertions in the cause of education and religion. (Applause.) But here a population, I say, has grown up which has mocked at all our efforts, which has defeated all our endeavours, which has outgrown our means, moral and pecuniary, and, although it is quite true that the present generation is awakening to a painful and active consciousness of this great evil, and endeavouring to provide a remedy, our difficulties in doing so are so much the greater the longer the time which has elapsed; and we are not encountering now the origin, the first seeds of a disease, but we are contending against a systematic and well-established disease, gaining strength almost beyond that which we can apply to prevent it. It is true again that from these causes the vast population in our great towns, and in the suburbs of those great towns, is growing up in a state of practical heathenism—I am afraid I must say in the indulgence of the grossest sensuality, and in the indulgence of that intemperance which statesmen, judges, and magistrates all concur in stating to be the predominant cause which fills our gaols and loads us with a criminal population. It is true, and it is to the credit of the age, that with regard to the criminal population of this country, a

milder and wiser system of punishment is prevailing. We have learned to substitute a better discipline for those sanguinary scenes which not fifty years ago loaded our scaffolds with victims, and relieved the population of the expense of many unhappy criminals' lives. Some persons may believe that the present system errs in the opposite direction, and that too great indulgence is a fault of the present system of our criminal discipline. But, be this as it may, whichever view prevails, the object is not indiscriminating vengeance, but it is, if possible, the improvement and the information of the convict. It is painful to see that so far as adult criminals are concerned, so far as those who have long been practised in the habits of vice and crime are concerned, the best directed efforts and the wisest discipline are comparatively insufficient to restore them to a better state of mind; and that few, comparatively speaking, I fear, of those advanced in life, who have been subjected to this discipline, are really permanently and in heart brought to a true sense of their guilt, and a sincere and earnest reformation. But with regard to the younger classes—with regard to those who are not hardened by crime, seduced by bad example, and induced by idleness and vicious habits to enter upon a course of crime—a better path has been opened, and a more cheerful prospect may be entertained from those invaluable institutions, which under the name of reformatories are combining for the young criminal the advantages of penal confinement with a moral and industrial education. Again, for the poorest, the absolutely destitute classes of the community, the workhouse schools furnish no contemptible amount of education, discipline, and training; but there is a class happily untainted with crime, above the condition of the absolutely destitute poor, yet below the scale of what may be called decent poverty, for whom, neither in criminal reformatories—for which they are not fitting subjects, nor in the workhouses—to which they either are not admitted, or are unwilling to enter—is any provision made, and who, except for the instrumentality of such institutions as that of which we are laying the first stone this day, must grow up inevitably from idleness to vice, and from vice probably to swell the lists of our criminal population. It is for that population, for that portion of the community who, as I repeat, are untainted with vice hitherto, who at home know nothing but the deepest poverty and degradation, and who, in too many cases see before them nothing but examples of squalid poverty, of intemperance, and of profaneness—it is for them who with such a home, if home it can be called,—appear exposed at night and at day-time to all the idleness and all the temptations of a great dissolute population, formed, as it were, to be the prey of those who go about seeking whom they may devour—whom they may bring into their own paths—paths of wretchedness which they have long trodden. It is of these poor children, many of them, doubtless, the children of honest, and even for those who are the children of dishonest, parents, yet more the objects of compassion still—it is for them that these well-called Ragged Schools—*the name is a significant one, and I should be sorry to see it changed*—it is for them, for the young, this well-directed and well-devised charity has provided these invaluable institutions, by which they may be rescued from the fate which would otherwise impend over them, and in which they may receive in the strictest sense of the word a true, moral, and religious education. And when I use the word education, I should wish you all to bear and mind what is the true meaning of that important word. It is not mere learning to read and to write. These have nothing more to do with education than speaking and hearing have. They are the mere means by which education and instruction may be afforded, and according to what you speak and what you hear, according to what you read and what you write, will be the effect which that elementary part of education will have upon the future conduct of the child, and consequently of the man. Nor is it desirable in these institutions that children should be brought up for a state of society

to which they are never likely in their future lives to attain. The object of all education is to fit the child, when he becomes a man, fitly to discharge the duties of that station of life in which he is placed —to fit him to be a good and faithful subject and a useful member of society here, and worthy, through the mercy of God, to enter upon a higher and holier state of existence hereafter. Wisely, then, in these schools, you do not attempt any very high flights of knowledge, or any great expansions of science. Wisely, most wisely, do you devote a very considerable portion of each day, not to the acquisition of mental knowledge only, but to the acquisition of those habits of industry which are to form the future means of subsistence of those whom you are bringing up. But you not only provide them with a future means of subsistence. Admitted into these schools, in which they need not blush for the rags in which they are clothed, because they are all alike—admitted into these schools, and taught some industrious calling, and at the same time imbued with moral and religious teaching, these unhappy children become fresh beings with fresh consciousness—fresh feelings, with the knowledge that they are far different, and destined for much higher ends than had ever entered into their comprehension, and with an amount of self-respect and with habits of useful industry which will secure them, with the blessing of God, against all the temptations of those callings upon which they must enter when they quit the shelter of these institutions. These are the main objects of the institution of Ragged—and more properly and appropriately called Ragged and Industrial—Schools from the youthful population of our great towns. The institution of these schools, if it went no further, I need hardly say, is an object that recommends itself to the deepest interests of the ministers of religion and of all those who have at heart the well-being of their fellow creatures.

(*To be continued.*)

Poetry.

A PLEA FOR THE EXCURSION FUND.

"Give to him that asketh."

Ye who seek in change of air
Health and recreation,
Think of those whose life of care
Only knows privation.

Poverty is hard to bear,
Trouble and vexation—
Country scenes and better fare,
Are their relaxation.

Great the pleasure they will share,
By a small donation,
Many a blessing riches bear
For their circulation!

S. S. B.

The Children's Gallery.

THE HOMELESS BOY'S TEMPTATION.

Our readers, perhaps, cannot imagine the temptations of poor children who have neither friends nor home. All children have temptations we know, poor and sick, young and old, yet the trials of the homeless and hungry are peculiarly bitter. How thankful ought we to be to our Saviour for our homes and friends, whom he gives us as a barrier or defence from many temptations.

There was once a little boy who was

put into prison for stealing. After a time he was let out. But what could he do? He had no home to go to; no parents to provide him with clothes and food. He tried to get work, but no one would employ the young thief. He wandered about the streets of London without a friend. As he was walking, very unhappy and desolate, the thought came into his mind, "I will commit some crime and get into prison again. *There* I shall at least get food and shelter; and I shall be able to read the Bible, and see whether there is any hope for me." Oh, had he acted on this wicked thought, he might have been lost for ever. But God delivered him out of this great temptation. The chaplain of the jail told the poor little outcast to go to a good man who laboured to save these children of crime. The poor boy had not much hope; still, he thought within himself, "Oh, if God sends me deliverance, I will not rest until I have made God my friend, and forsaken my sins." He came to the missionary's door, and prayed, before he knocked, that God would incline his heart to help him. The missionary received him with fatherly kindness, and encouraged him to wait on God. The poor boy now felt that he had a friend, and thought no more of committing a crime. Very soon after he got a little work. But he found something even better than this. Can you guess what it was? It was Jesus Christ. He found Christ, and in Jesus the forgiveness of sins, and a new heart. Some time after he died; and his last words to the missionary were, "Had I not met you, I should now have been the wretched inmate of a felon's cell. Praised be the Lord for his goodness; and may he return your kindness in manifold blessings upon yourself and others."

THE HOMELESS BOY'S FUNERAL.

From the New York Independent.

One of the most touching ceremonials I ever witnessed took place in Brooklyn. While the grand funeral procession, with slow and mournful step, and wailing music, was following down Broadway the remains of one over whom a nation was weeping—the first martyr of our revolution—another coffin was being followed, with many tears, by little children and poor boys in the city of Brooklyn.

The ceremony was the funeral of a *newsboy*—a Christian lad who, as he scarce had a settled home, was kindly allowed to be buried from the State-street Congregational church.

A homeless, poor boy, with no father or mother, or sister, to weep over the dead body—and yet with a great audience of children and newsboys and friends filling the church and shedding many a tear. Unknown hands dropped tender white flowers on the little coffin, and sobs sounded in the stillness as the newsboys, with voices hoarse with feeling, sang—

"There's a rest for the weary—
A rest for thee."

And as the simple exercises went on, and friend after friend arose, and spoke of the heroic, noble qualities of the little fellow, and of all he had done, and suffered, and accomplished, we who had known him best felt that we did not half value him. Most of all, when the doctor—whom, of course much more than preachers or friends, all believe—stood up, and with words almost broken with emotion said, "That was the noblest little soul I ever saw in any human body," and told the story of his sickness and his fortitude, we all felt the greatness of the loss.

But, perhaps, for the children's sake, I had better give a short sketch of the newsboy's life—Johnny Morrow, as he is called, and known to so many thousands. About seven years ago a pale, sweet-faced little fellow, of say ten or eleven years of age, came to the lodging-house, and made his home there. He said he had no father or mother, and he earned his living by selling matches. Accordingly the boys soon christened him "Matches."

One night, after some religious remarks made by Mr. Tracy, little Johnny came to him looking quite troubled. "What is it, Johnny?" "Please, sir, I have been

telling you a wrong story. I was afraid you would send me back to my father, for I have got a father. I am very sorry for telling you a lie." He then told how his father drank brandy continually, and sent him and his little brothers out to steal coal, and wood, and vegetables—and if they did not bring home much, he would beat them dreadfully—and how they often slept in carts and boxes to get out of his way, and how he had "brandy-fits," and would try to kill his children. One night they slept on board a ferry-boat, and were fed by the ferrymen. Another time they were chased by some rag-pickers' dogs, while they were stealing, and nearly hunted down by them; until at last he felt he could bear this no longer, and went to the lodging-house for a home and shelter. Mr. Tracy forgave him his lie, and helped him. Johnny soon succeeded; he went to Sunday-school and night-school, learned to read and write rapidly, and showed great fondness for the Bible—many thought then that he was a truly religious boy. After a while, he obtained a place to lodge in the Union Theological Seminary, where he peddled his little wares, and worked away at his education, with the hope of one day being a missionary, or a preacher, to just the same poor people to whom he had belonged. The students all liked his happy little face, and he delighted in discussing abstruse theological questions with them, or in the more practical enjoyment of making a good bargain with them. One of the hard questions he put at this time, a result of his former experiences, was, "Which is a greater sin, to lie or to steal?"—the question having occurred on account of his having lied to his father to prevent his making him steal!

At length he went to the New Haven Theological Seminary, not so much because of its theology, as because he hoped there to get some assistance, and to sell his little matters. His education in every way was going on well, and finally he completed his success by writing a little biography of himself, which he sold over the country. Probably thousands of my little readers have seen or heard of Johnny Morrow's little book. With its proceeds he supported, a part of the time, his two younger brothers, and paid off nearly 300 dollars' worth of debts he had incurred in getting his education. He was always doing kind things with his money. We knew of his giving 23 dollars to a poor boy to start him in a trade; and under his pillow at his death was found a pocket-book with only a few pennies of his own, but with a receipt from a poor newsboy for 3 dollars, which he had lately loaned to help him begin in business! If we *could* carry anything into the next world, who would not rather take that dirty little receipt with him than all the bank bills of New York city? For was it not something done "to the least of these"?

Little Johnny had always been lame; and now, finding he was growing ill, and that a very painful operation ought to be performed on him, he paid all his debts, and went over and put himself in the hands of certain physicians in Brooklyn, I believe paying his board himself.

Dr. Sayers had taken a deep interest in him, and came over to visit him. He says he never saw such perfect serenity, and trust, and courage, and every one felt his Christian faith. Before the operation was performed, he requested that it might be *very thorough*, and, if possible, that his deformity might be cured. They gave him chloroform, and after the terrible operation, when he was sufficiently recovered, he asked if he should be lame still. They replied that he would be, probably. "Well," he said, his natural cheerfulness running over, though his body was yet quivering with the surgeon's knife "'taint so bad after all, for now when I want I can limp and pass for half price on the railroad, or I can stretch up and be a big man!"

All noticed everywhere this beautiful cheerfulness of this poor lame boy. "It was," said Rev. Mr. Bartlett, with exquisite pathos, "as if one of God's little angels was always with him, singing cheerfully to him, saying, 'Limp a little longer, Johnny! It will soon be over!'"

Yes; all through these weary days of

sickness the angel sang to him. It told him that poverty and homelessness, and the world's cold charity, and pain and grief, and deformity, would soon be past; and the eyes of the deformed, sick, homeless lad shone with a strange and quick joy, which the bystanders could hardly understand.

"I do not fear to die," he said. "I feel all ready. I trust in Christ." He was doing well, and would probably have recovered, but for the very self-reliance which had secured him his success. He thought he would save the kind doctor the trouble of binding up his bandages, and that he could do it equally well, and one morning undid them, and attempted to clean the sore, when accidentally he opened the wound, and almost bled to death before help could arrive. This was too much for his weakened frame, and in a short time he died.

Such was the story we heard at the funeral of the Christian newsboy. The rough boys came and gazed solemnly at the pale worn face of the dead; the children of the rich and happy looked at him tearfully; and we all felt a kind of joyful sadness as we stood by.

Peace be with thee, little wanderer! Thy days of weariness, thy sickness, and poverty, and loneliness, are all over. Thou didst well thy little part on the earth! The poor and the unbefriended love thee. Thou hast died with an immortal faith and love. Heaven's gentle angels that ever watch by the dying bedsides of penitent and loving children, hold thee up. Thou hast all wealth and glory now. Why should we weep for thee?

A more heroic life, or a more Christian death, we cannot wish for our own beloved little ones.

Notice of Meeting.

ALBERT STREET, SPITALFIELDS.

On July 30, the foundation-stone of a new laundry and wash-houses attached to this valuable institution was laid by Henry Edmund Gurney, Esq., one of the vice-presidents. The proceedings having been opened by prayer, and a short address delivered by the Rev. S. Thornton, Mr. H. R. Williams, the hon. secretary, read an address, in which it stated that that neighbourhood, which had been the hotbed of abandonment and criminality, had now become much improved by the introduction of Ragged and Industrial Schools. The object of the present building was for the more thorough training of the girls in the washing and preparing of linen things, but little understood by the labouring population in localities like this. Another benefit it would confer on the inmates, was to make them thorough servants in this branch of domestic duties. To complete the institution they required funds to erect a house for the residence of the teachers, the want of which had long retarded the efforts of the committee, and they still cherished the hope that, by the advocacy of the press (to which the neighbourhood was so much indebted) and by the sympathising aid of a generous public, that great want would be supplied. The cost of the wash-house and laundry, now in course of erection, would be about £500, exclusive of the cost of the necessary fittings. About £170 was still needed, and the committee earnestly hoped the public would assist them in getting the funds required. Mr. Harrison, the architect then handed Mr. Gurney the trowel, and the ceremony of laying the stone was performed. Mr. Gurney then said, the stone having been thoroughly laid, he trusted, before many months, it would be open to the public. He need not dilate at length on the benefits these institutions conferred, but he could say that not only that neighbourhood, but the country at large, had felt the salutary influence of their operations. (Cheers.) He then gave a short account of the rise and progress of the building already in existence, and strongly recommended it to the wealthy and benevolent. A vote of thanks to Mr. Gurney for laying the stone was carried unanimously. The children singing, and the juvenile band of the school playing some marches in a very spirited manner, closed the proceedings.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF

FREE SCHOOLS FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR.

OFFICE—1, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
TREASURER.—R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., Lombard Street.
HON. SEC.—MR. W. LOCKE. HON. SOLICITOR.—E. JENNINGS, Esq.
SECRETARY.—MR. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall.
COLLECTOR.—MR. W. A. BLAKE, 38, South Bank, Regent's Park.
BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & CO., 54, Lombard Street.

The following Contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20th of July to the 20th of August, 1861.

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
A. C. D.	1	1	0
Alcock, Mr. & Mrs.	2	2	0
A. N. O.	5	0	0
Aylmer, Lieut.-Col.	1	1	0
A. Z.	5	0	0
Baker, Sir Edward, Bt.	1	0	0
Baker, Rev. Talbot H. B.	2	2	0
Baker, Major	1	1	0
Benham, F., Esq.	1	1	0
Blake, Mrs. W.	1	1	0
Brooke, R. D., Esq.	2	0	0
Collin, Mrs., per Mrs. Mackness	1	1	0
Collyer, John, Esq.	1	1	0
C. T.	20	0	0
Curling, W., Esq.	10	10	0
Davidson, Master	1	4	0
Denison, Mrs.	5	0	0
Dewhurst, Mrs. (coll.)	0	6	1
Dyer, Mrs. W. C.	4	0	0
E. S. S.	1	0	0
Focquet, Colonel H.	0	10	0
Friend, A, per Mrs. Uwins	0	10	0
Friend, A, per Mrs. Uwins	0	10	0
Gabb, Mrs.	1	0	0
Gripper, Mrs. F.	3	10	0
Hawkins, Miss	0	5	0
Jolly, Miss S.	1	1	0
Jupp, R., Esq. (2 Years)	2	2	0
J. W.	5	0	0
Kemble, Mrs. H.	10	0	0
Kent, W., Esq.	1	1	0
Killick, Miss, per—			
Barrett, Mrs.	0	10	6
Killick, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Rickards, Mrs.	0	10	0
Box	0	4	6
Lancaster, T., Esq.	1	0	0
Martin, Sir H., Bt.	10	0	0
May, Bowen, Esq.	1	1	0
Metcalf, Mrs., per Mrs. Reade	0	5	0
Nickesson, J. C., Esq.	1	1	0
Partridge, J., Esq.	1	1	0
Preston, Rev. A. M.	0	10	6
Randall, Messrs.	1	1	0
Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Swaine, Messrs.	1	1	0
Tapling, Messrs.	2	2	0
Treggon, W. T., Esq.	1	1	0
Turner, R. O., Esq.	1	1	0
Turner, Mrs. C.	1	1	0
Uwins, Mrs.	1	0	0
Waldo-Sibthorp, Mrs.	2	0	0
Waldo-Sibthorp, H. A. M. W., Esq.	2	0	0
Webb, Miss	5	0	0
Western, Miss A. Y.	3	15	0
Whitlaw, Mrs. F.	1	0	0
Williams, W., Esq.	1	1	0
Wilson, J. R., Esq.	1	1	0
Witherby, R., Esq.	1	1	0
Woolley, G. B., Esq.	1	1	0

Emigration Fund.

Astley, F. D. P., Esq.	10	0	0

Library Fund.

Metcalf, Miss, per Mrs. Reade	0	2	6
Reade, Mrs.	0	5	0

Excursion Fund.

Arden, Hon. Miss	5	0	0
Arnot, Miss	0	10	0
Atkinson, J., Esq.	1	0	0
Bayley, Sir John	5	0	0
Barclay, Mrs. R.	0	2	6
Bevan, R. C. L., Esq.	10	0	0
Bodkin, Miss	0	10	0
Brettell, Thomas, Esq.	1	0	0
Buxton, Travers, Esq.	1	0	0
Buxton, T. F., Esq.	5	0	0
Casterton, Mrs.	5	0	0
Clarke, H., Esq.	0	10	0
Clarke, H., Esq.	1	0	0
Cockerell, Miss S. coll. by	0	14	6
C. T.	2	0	0
Deacon, J., Esq.	2	0	0
Ditmas, Major & Mrs.	0	4	0
Dixon, Rev. A.	2	0	0
Duckett, Dowager Lady	5	0	0
Ducie, Earl of	3	0	0
Ellice, W., Esq.	5	0	0
Fortescue, Hon. D.	2	0	0
Gurney, H. E., Esq.	5	0	0
Harrison, Mr.	0	15	0
Holdship, Mr.	1	0	0
Hunt, Mrs.	0	5	0
Lady, A	1	0	0
Marten, Mrs.	0	10	0
Maxwell, W. J., Esq.	1	1	0
Mortlock, Rev., E.	0	10	0
Passmore, Miss	0	10	0
Pollard, W., Esq.	5	0	0
Sale of Fancy Work	0	3	6
S. C. H.	0	7	6
Sperling, J., Esq.	1	0	0
Sperling, Miss	0	4	0
White, J., Esq.	1	0	0
Whitlaw, Mrs. F.	1	0	0
Young, Mrs.	0	15	0

School Fund, &c.

Albert Street.

Astley, F. D. P., Esq.	5	0	0

Bluegate Fields (Excursion.)

Hoare, Mrs.	0	10	0

Cripples' Home.

Gripper, Mrs. F.	2	0	0

Field Lane.

Astley, F. D. P., Esq.	5	0	0

Lamb and Flag.

Per R. J. Lodge, Esq.—			
Lodge, R. J., Esq.	5	0	0
Lodge, Mrs.	3	0	0
Clive, D. H., Esq.	2	2	0
Scaife, Esq.	2	2	0
Tebbs, H. V., Esq.	1	0	0
Small Sums	0	4	6
Marshall, J., Esq.	1	0	0

Little Saffron Hill.

Hawkins, Miss	0	10	0

Ragged Church and Chapel Union.

Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Small, Miss A.	1	0	0

St. Giles.

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Munday, Mrs.	0	10	0

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